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ART. VII.—*Pictures of Nuremberg, and Rambles in the Hills and Valleys of Franconia.* By H. J. WHITLING. New Edition. London: Richard Bentley. 1856. 12mo. pp. 610.

IF ever a capital subject was spoiled in the handling, it is in this volume of Mr. Whitling. A more feeble, diffuse, superficial, loosely-jointed, and unsatisfactory production it has rarely been our fortune to meet. Never was there better opportunity to make an original book, and never was opportunity more completely abused. The bulk of these six hundred pages is out of all proportion to the material; and of this material, one third at least is twaddling and tiresome talk on irrelevant topics. We are treated to solemn platitudes about home, happiness, and the English Church, including the author's reminiscences of his early days. One chapter is wholly devoted to the subject of "English Protestantism," and of this we may say that the fantastic heading is literally true. The chapter does "end as it begins," does "promise" what is not fulfilled, and does contain "certain digressions," which are not only "unlucky," but preposterous in the extreme. Mr. Whitling thinks it a great mistake that the English Church was not established in America, "in the fulness of power and authority that it possesses in our own" England. He has no doubt that the American Revolution was caused by this religious neglect and mistake, and he is happy to state that the English Church has "saved the Canadas to the British Crown." He even regards the English Church as the salvation of Ireland.

The descriptions of the book are as imperfect as its philosophizing is impertinent. The author has neither the patience to see anything thoroughly, nor the skill to tell well what he has seen. His introductions waste the strength of his chapters, and he says very little of what he announces that he is going to say. He is exhausted by spasmodic efforts to be original. Where we should expect the most, we find the least; and the things in Nuremberg on which he has most copiously descanted,—such as jackdaws and evening parties,—are precisely the things which are not peculiar to Nuremberg. The

few pages in Murray's Handbook give a far better idea of the city than this bulky treatise.

Mr. Whitling's book has one unquestionable advantage, which he does not omit to urge. It is a monograph. No other English work has made a special theme of the Burgher City. While the other capitals of Germany—Cologne, Munich, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, and minor cities—have been fully observed and described, Nuremberg has been strangely passed by. Three fourths of the works of tourists in Europe do not mention it at all; and in the notices of the remaining fourth it is dismissed with mere hasty exclamations of surprise at such an odd relic of mediæval time. English travellers do not “discourse” about it; they only “look and pass.” In the comprehensive summary of Poole's Index, we have not been able to find that Nuremberg has been the subject of any periodical article, long or short, grave or gay, historic or artistic, in England or America. Longfellow's ballad has really told more about it to the reading public than any book or sketch. The twenty-six stanzas of that exquisite poem contain its most important history and its most characteristic peculiarities.

Germany has been more just to the home of mediæval industry and of Albert Dürer. Forty-six years ago John Ferdinand Roth published a volume of four hundred pages, in three parts, which gave a description of Nuremberg as it then was, with such an exhaustive thoroughness and such a scientific exactness as belong only to a German work. Nothing was left unsaid that could be said. Meyer's Conversations-Lexicon has with equal fulness brought information down to a later period, and makes use of some facts discovered since the publication of Roth's volume. The article in the Lexicon of Brockhaus, though short, is good, and several geographical works, in French and German, have treated of Nuremberg with ability. Yet even in these tongues, it remains true that no city of so much importance has received so little attention.

Mr. Whitling is painfully sensible of this neglect. To remove from England the shame of omitting to celebrate that Continental town, which is the most thoroughly English in its spirit and history,—Birmingham and York and Chester in

one,—he has given us this record of a year's residence. Nine excellent reasons are urged in the Preface why such a book is timely; and in spite of the publication, these reasons are still in force. Their suggestion we shall follow in the succeeding pages. We propose to mention some of the things most remarkable in the position, influence, and history of this singular town, as Mr. Whitling calls it, “the centre of German commerce, the nursery of German poetry, the cradle of German art, and the home of German freedom.”

We share Mr. Whitling's amazement that any one, with a map of Europe in his hand, should fail to pass through Nuremberg in making the tour of the Continent. It is in the very centre of the region which travellers explore. It is equidistant from the Mediterranean and the North Seas, from the Baltic and the Adriatic. The most direct route from Vienna to London, from Venice to Hamburg, from Berlin to Milan, will pass through it. It lies on what would seem to be the track of travel from every quarter. It is on the water-shed of Central Europe; and only a few miles from its walls are streams which feed the Danube and the Elbe, while a tributary of the Rhine runs through the city. This central position gave to Nuremberg great advantage in the days when foreign commerce was unknown, and when the intercourse of nations was over the land rather than over the sea. Here was the halting-place of the caravans. Here was the mart where the East and the West, the North and the South, the Slave and the Celt, the Dane and the Italian, met half-way, exchanged their goods, and left their money. For many centuries, by its very situation, Nuremberg was able to dictate the traffic of Europe. Its merchants were princes beyond those of any other city. No other capital had a position comparable to this for securing a monopoly in the distribution of merchandise, and the industry of the civilized world was brought to its focus within this castellated enclosure. It was an unfortunate day for Nuremberg when Vasco de Gama found a new ocean-way to India, and emancipated the border nations from the tribute which they had been compelled to pay. Then this fine position lost its former advantage, the seaports supplanted the inland city, and Nuremberg became the centre only of a small

local traffic, instead of the wide international barter which it had controlled. Even this local traffic was farther diminished by the introduction of railways, and it has been the bitter complaint of the Nuremberg shopkeepers, that the trains carry trade *by* them instead of *to* them; that their respectable city, where the roads of Europe once converged, is now only a watering-place for Bavarian locomotives; and that Ezekiel's prophecy of Tyre is fulfilled for them, of walls shaking at the noise of chariots, of merchandise become a prey, and of riches a spoil.

This loss of economical advantage cannot, however, destroy the beauty of Nuremberg's position. If it lack the romantic grace of the Italian and Tyrolese cities, it has a grace of its own, hardly less attractive. It breaks the monotony of that great Bavarian plain by a grouping of towers all the more picturesque that the surrounding scenery is so quiet. Not every visitor can separate the hills on which the city is built, or discover that they are precisely *twelve*,—the patriarchal and apostolic number,—the proper number for a city which Christians and Jews have built, and which has no Pagan history. Picturesque as it is when you look upon it from the outside, it is still more so when you are in the streets. No walled city has so many towers. As the story runs that the churches in Rome correspond with the days of the calendar year, so the authentic tale of the towers in the outer wall at Nuremberg gives exactly three hundred and sixty-five, a fact which popular superstition has not neglected. Some of these towers are so masked by the walls as to be invisible to ordinary inspection, which is probably the reason why Mr. Whitling sees only one hundred and ten remaining. These, however, are enough to give it the appearance of a gigantic fortress; and in the outline and general aspect of the exterior, it has a striking resemblance to modern Jerusalem. The stations of the Via Dolorosa, which the pious Martin Ketsel set up on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy City, had a fitness of which he was probably unconscious, suggesting a site for Calvary more probable than the legendary site; and his own house, still standing near the northwest angle of the city wall, recalls by its name (*Pilatushaus*) the Judgment Hall of the Saviour.

If there are no stones in the wall at Nuremberg as huge as those which remain from the walls of Solomon and Herod, the architecture of both wall and towers is more elegant than the ugliness which the Saracens have imposed upon the foundations of the city of David. The moat, spanned by its drawbridge, is still wide and deep; the entrance is beneath an archway; each corner has its stately gate; and the Spittler Thor, with its quaint surroundings, seems a restoration of the Tower of Hippicus and the Jaffa Gate on the side of Zion. The area which the walls of Nuremberg enclose, about three miles and a half in circumference, is nearly a third larger than that within the walls of Jerusalem.

The immediate surroundings of Nuremberg are not desolate, like those of Mount Zion. The forest has yielded place to human encroachments, and little villages, with their odd old castles, lend to the landscape an air of life and comfort. There are gardens which better deserve the name than the King's Garden in the valley of Jehosaphat; and the "Gottesacker" of St. John, where the history of centuries is written on three thousand monuments, is a more cheerful graveyard than the valley of Gihon, with its shapeless sepulchral piles. Nuremberg is an old city, and has survived its renown; but it has nothing gloomy or forbidding in its aspect. It has, externally, the air of a realized prosperity, of a place where the people have enough to live upon from the accumulation of the past, and can afford to lose modern luxuries in their surplus of heritage,—such an air as have the old towns on the New England coast, from which commerce may have departed, but in which character, respectability, and contentment remain.

This appearance of comfort is confirmed by the interior aspect of the city. Everything here looks old and venerable; yet it is age in excellent preservation, with no sign of decrepitude. The houses are not black with accumulated smoke and dust, like those of Edinburgh, nor do they lean and totter like those of Amsterdam. If the gables, and turrets, and curious mouldings, show the wear of time, the neat doorways, fresh colors, and massiveness of structure give an idea of a wear which has not wasted. The houses stand in solid masses; yet they are not huddled together, as in the old French towns,

nor is their individuality lost, as in English towns, by long uniform lines. Every house has its independent character, its own private shape and ornament, while their close union gives to all strength and dignity. Many of the streets are narrow enough to satisfy the extreme of antiquarian fanaticism; others are wide enough for the French Emperor's idea of beauty; and together, they have intricacies enough for delightful perplexity. You may lose yourself for half an hour, but you soon come out upon a broad square, guarded by a stately church, where you can again take bearings and discover your place. The impression of the streets of Nuremberg is that of cheerful obscurity, of orderly disorder, and of youthful age. The visitor does not see the ruin of an ancient town, on which he may sentimentally meditate, but is rather himself carried back to live in a new town of the Middle Age, to see the life which he has read of, not merely to explore in its decaying relics. "Ichabod" may be an inscription for the ruined castle, but is not fit for the palaces or the warehouses. It is rather glory arrested than glory departed,—a beauty which stays as it was, not a beauty which is fading away.

The river, which divides the city into two nearly equal portions, is rather a useful than a mighty stream. It increases, nevertheless, the picturesqueness of the interior outline, and furnishes pleasant traditions of danger and heroism to the store of local tales;—how the floods have risen by night and surprised incautious sleepers who have ventured to dwell so close to the river, and how the drowning have been rescued. Unlike the Seine, however, the Pegnitz has no fame of suicides, and its garniture of bath-houses has not that dreadful ornament of a Morgue. Life is so pleasant at Nuremberg that no one wants to leave it before the time, and, except for occasional deaths by accident, the coroner's office is almost a sinecure. Indeed, it is the boast of the inhabitants, that in their city more than in any other in Europe men can live out their natural lives. The cholera goes round Nuremberg, but will not enter. Consumption has no chance in that clear, fresh air, and this city of the twelve hills is to Germany what Northampton is said to be to Massachusetts. The moral influences are as favorable to good spirits and temper, as the influences of climate

are to good appetite and digestion. The medical profession in Nuremberg has plenty of leisure. Excitements are so few and mild, means of cleanliness so abundant, (for there are fountains in every square, aqueducts that are unfailing, and a river which is not only the “paradise of ducks,” but of bathers innumerable,) and the intellectual and æsthetic resources of the people so copious, that sickness in such a city is antecedently improbable.

Though the river divides the city into rival halves, it is not a barrier to intercourse or a sign of hostility. It is spanned from east to west by numerous bridges, and the islands are common ground. As you stand on the largest and most central of these bridges,—the Rialto of Nuremberg, and a close copy of the Rialto of Venice,—you see, not only in the style of the overhanging buildings, but in the fragments which float on the surface of the water and make more turbid its never transparent flow, the sign of Nuremberg’s present wealth and past enterprise. “The cunning hand,” which, according to the distich, “goes through every land,” is the boast of this Burgher City. Industry and invention, not deeds of blood, are the sources of its thrift and nobility. Skilled labor, so far from being disgraceful, is here the patent of honor. From the very first, it has been the distinction of this city to anticipate the wants of civilization, and to supply those luxuries which, once used, become needs of common life. Augsburg may furnish the pomp, and Ulm the money, but Nuremberg—so runs the couplet—furnishes the “*wit*” for the world. The catalogue of the various crafts would be a long one; nor is it easy to assign their respective grades of honor. One family can claim that its ancestor set the first paper-mill in Germany on the banks of the Pegnitz, fifty years before Faust and Guttenberg completed their invention. Another can derive its pedigree from Erasmus Ebner, who finished the work of Tubalcain, and gave to the world a better brass than the coin of the Romans. If Nuremberg is not entitled to the credit of inventing pasteboard cards, it certainly could improve upon that Oriental gift to Europe, and the gambling Counts of Germany could depend on the burghers of this moral city to supply them with a better article than Kaiser Rudolph used

when he sanctioned the Indian game as a lawful amusement. There is a prejudice still in Germany in favor of Nuremberg woollen cloths,—a prejudice which has lasted for four centuries. Considerable fortunes have been made in the manufacture of cheap lead-pencils. There is in fact hardly any branch of work in metal, wood, wool, or rags, which has not been pursued with success in this industrious city. The discovered sonnet of Gaspar Visconti has taken from Peter Hele, that “deserving youth” of Nuremberg, the credit, which he so long retained, of being the inventor of the watch, and transferred it to a young Florentine, Lorenzo a Vulparia; but the fame of the “Nuremberg eggs,” the small round clocks, which could go without weight or striking, and be carried in the bosom, has not been eclipsed even by the nicer mechanism of Geneva. If Rudolph, the inventor of wire-pulling in 1360, is no longer to be regarded as a real personage, it is no less certain that this very necessary branch of industry owes its perfection to Nuremberg artisans, and that the patent which successive Emperors continued to the family of Frederic Held earned for that race a more substantial and merited fortune than is usually secured by the wire-pulling with which we are familiar. And nowhere has clay in the hands of the potter taken more beautiful finish, and more graceful shape, than in the vases and pitchers which illustrate the skill of Nuremberg craftsmen in the art which Hirschvögel brought back from Italy to his native city.

Undoubtedly the Nurembergers claim many inventions which do not of right belong to them, such as the process of casting cannon, and the invention of gun-locks. But, making abatement for their extravagance of claim, enough remains to justify their unrivalled eminence in works of practical art and skill. The ornaments of the churches are proof that Nuremberg was once something more than a toy-shop, which is its stigma to-day. The windows of the church of St. Lawrence, painted four centuries ago, testify, by their extraordinary freshness of color and delicacy of shading, to the skill of the workmen, not less than by their armorial bearings to the pride of the donors. This art of working in and upon glass has been carried to great perfection in Nuremberg.

When the mediæval art seemed to be lost, it was a citizen of this city, Frank, that revived it; and, at the present day, the factory of glass coloring and casting is one of the curiosities there. If the Jews of the city get their living by exporting lacquered mirrors on which the film of metal is as thin as the glass is coarse and brittle, there are those still who can show how to fix the forms of saints and prophets on this transparent substance, and to imitate the works of the old masters. The “blue” of Nuremberg is as celebrated as the “purple” of Tyre.

The curiosities in wood and stone in which Nuremberg abounds, are an equal tribute to the skill of its workers. The Protestant citizens have small regard for good St. Sebald, and very moderate faith in his miracles. They never solicit his intercession. But they have a profound sense of the ingenuity and labor expended in the construction of his tomb, and point out with pride the delicacy of Vischer’s carving in marble, though they have no sympathy with his pious zeal. The consecrated wafer has been rejected from the shrine of St. Lawrence, and most who frequent his cathedral have no knowledge of that form of the Lord’s incarnation; yet the wonderful *pix* of Adam Krafft—that stately flower of stone blossoming with all the forms of the Saviour’s Passion—is kept with religious care, though it holds no longer the sacred emblem. The absence here of an iconoclasm which has destroyed the ornaments of the churches in Holland and England, is due quite as much to this pride of artisanship as to any reverence for symbols. Every one who visits Nuremberg must be surprised to find that the most zealous Protestantism coexists with the preservation of all the old Catholic signs,—crosses on the altars, carvings on the walls, heads of saints, pictures of false miracles;—and not only that these signs have been preserved in the churches, but that they are repaired as they decay, and that new ones, of a similar kind, have been added. Even the pictures which had been placed in the gallery of the Castle have been, within a few years, sent back to the altars from which they were taken. It is a curious fact, that, while Catholic sovereigns in Catholic cities have spoiled the churches of works of art to fill their private galleries,

the burghers of an ultra Protestant city have reversed that process, and restored to the churches the pictures they had lost.

The most remarkable instance of this kind is in the restoration of the pendent sculpture of Veit Stoss, which had for three centuries hung from the roof of the choir of St. Lawrence, directly over the high altar. The device on this carving represented, in what was little better than grotesque blasphemy, the form of God the Father, the Angel saluting the Mother of God, and her seven Joys. In the year 1817 this elaborate piece of carving fell, and was so far ruined that the scandal of so profane a symbol might have been fairly banished from the place where it should not have offended the eyes of rational worshippers. But attachment to this work of art and to the memory of its author was too strong to allow the interference of Protestant feeling. The town architect was employed to repair the fracture and restore the figures, and it was hung again in its former place. Local pride dictated a restoration which religious feeling would have forbidden. Such works of art in a Catholic church would be constantly used as illustrations of faith and of religious lessons ; but in the churches of Nuremberg their use is wholly secular. The sermons make no allusion to them. Their workmanship, and not their sentiment, holds the regard of the people ; and the chorals of Sabbath worship are as incongruous with the splendor of the temple as a High Papal Mass would be in the bare walls of a Scotch conventicle. We witnessed once in this church of St. Lawrence, performed beneath this very carving of the Virgin and the Deity, a marriage service, which was as simple, affectionate, and free from formality as such a service would be in one of our own country cottages.

The pride of the burghers in their achievements of industry and skill may be seen not only in the ornaments of their churches, so carefully preserved, but in the armorial devices which the leading families so conspicuously display. The aristocracy of Nuremberg, unlike the aristocracies of Venice and Genoa, has by no means died out. The chief men of the city are lineal heirs to the fortunes and the fame of the master-workers of the Middle Age, and a fair proportion of the palaces

belong to and are occupied by the descendants of the men who built them. In most instances, the trade of the founder is no longer continued by his successors ; yet the escutcheon sculptured on the outer and the inner wall, stamped upon the porcelain, and repeated in every form, perpetuates this lost calling. The opulent aristocrat is not ashamed to own, and to have every one see, that his ancestor was a smith, a cobbler, or a tinker, but would rather exhibit the proof that in these callings skill and thrift may make an acknowledged gentleman. No craft which exercises the brain with the hand is deemed plebeian here. He only is poor in lineage whose coat of arms, showing no sign of work done, must borrow some emblem of heathen mythology. The monuments in the Cemetery of St. John, remarkable in so many ways, are especially remarkable in this, that they contain in their armorial devices a history of the labor and skill of the city for six centuries. One may see there more than the names and dates of individual lives,—may see that which exercised the thought of the people, directed their energies, and gave to the city importance and power.

No Old Mortality is needed at Nuremberg, to keep this churchyard in repair. The most ancient piles there are as strong as the most recent, and the lines of their carving and casting are as fresh. The same feeling which keeps the relics of superstition in the churches brings flowers to the graves of the long-buried craftsmen. Nor are these wreaths limited to the more famous graves. We might expect that Hans Sachs and Albert Dürer would be so remembered ; but we find that obscure names also receive the same tribute. As we were loitering one afternoon in that graveyard, listening to the fugues of Sebastian Bach, as the touch of an almost inspired organist sent them streaming out from the recesses of the old Gothic church upon the soft air of autumn, a fit requiem for the generations there laid, we noticed a gentleman who had apparently come with his little daughter to pay his tribute of grief for some recent loss. The child bore wreaths in her hand. One of these she left on the tomb where they stood for a time and wept together ; the other she carried to a tomb at some distance. When the pair had left the cemetery, we examined the monuments to see if we could trace any connection be-

tween them ; but the names of neither were given, and only a date of three centuries back, with the emblems subjoined, seemed to indicate that the more ancient monument was that of the founder of the house whose descendant had come there to unburden his sorrow. Nothing in Père la Chaise could show such persistent reverence for humble ancestry. What the Frenchman would forget and obliterate, the German burgher keeps and loves to remember.

The art of Nuremberg is not wholly mechanical. The very mention of the city calls up at once the name of that great genius, the "Evangelist of Art," the more than rival of Benvenuto Cellini, whose mastery in Germany is as undisputed as that of Rubens in the Low Countries, or Raphael in Italy, or Murillo in Spain. Albert Dürer may be less than the boasting epitaph on his tombstone claims. We may doubt his right to be called "sun of the artists, — painter, engraver, sculptor, without example." But in Germany he was without equal, and has remained to this day without equal, for the variety and excellence of his artistic gifts. It is to be regretted that the masterpieces of one whose name is such a treasure should be so scanty in his native city. Dürer, whether as painter, sculptor, or engraver, cannot be appreciated by what the Nuremberg galleries show of his works. We must seek these in the larger galleries of Dresden and Munich. Many of the pictures which bear his name are the work of later artists, who studied in his school and caught his manner. This is especially true of the pictures of Schäuffelin, which are many of them marked with the monogram of Dürer, and sold as genuine works. Dürer's master, Michael Wohlgemuth, was an artist and engraver of very high merit, and the enthusiasm which he imparted to this favorite pupil was transmitted by the pupil in turn to a numerous school. The house which Dürer occupied, religiously preserved, is still the property of a society of artists.

Though Nuremberg has lost many of the best pictures of its great masters, and has even in its small galleries a large proportion of works of foreign painters, yet no city of its size in Europe, on the whole, is richer in the remains of art in various forms. Sculptures, especially, are profusely abundant, and of marvellous delicacy. The "Schöne Brunnen," which

stands close to the principal market-place, has an artistic value quite equal to its convenience, and is incomparably more curious and elaborate than the fountains which are so conspicuous in the squares of Rome. The taste of its singular eclecticism of subject is questionable, however it may show a broad toleration. Moses and the Prophets occupy positions in the higher niches, while in the lower, to fill out the nine vacancies in the sixteen compartments, three triads of historic figures have been added to the seven Electors, impartially divided between Pagan, Jewish, and Christian heroes. Hector, Alexander, and Cæsar are mated by Joshua, David, and Judas the Maccabee, and by Clovis, Charlemagne, and the valiant Godfrey of Bouillon. It is pity that such a spectacle of brethren in unity should not have taught the burghers better practical toleration. The Jews have fared hard at the hands of their brother craftsmen. They were expelled in the fifteenth century; and it is only a few years since they have been allowed to return to the city and pursue in quiet their callings. This persecution, unrelenting through many ages, was instigated, we may think, quite as much by jealousy of their rivalry as merchants and artisans, as by religious antipathy.

The beautiful Frauenkirche is one of the most highly decorated of the churches. Its portals and its interior gather many of the finest works of the native artists. Adam Krafft has equalled there his best carvings in the church of St. Lorenzo; Wohlgemuth has painted the altar. Yet the love of art will not induce the Protestant in Nuremberg to enter a church where the old idolatry is a living thing,—where he sees it, not merely carved and painted in wood and stone, but in the forms of kneeling men and women, and in the pageant of the mass. There is a stinging and contemptuous emphasis in the Lutheran's tone, when he answers, as you ask to be directed to the Frauenkirche, “*Ach ja! sie meinen die Papistische Kirche!*”

The somewhat singular architectural designation of the “Gothic Athens” was formerly assumed by Nuremberg. Nowhere in Europe can the Gothic architecture, as applied to palaces, houses, and shops, be so well studied. The King of Bavaria guards by statute what the pride of the people up-

holds ; and if a house be torn down or fall down, it must be restored in its former style. Not only the form, but the details of ornament and color, must be carefully imitated. The style is fixed, and must not be disturbed, though the houses of all other cities in the realm should become modern. Munich may copy the palaces of Florence and the frescoes of the Vatican ; but Nuremberg must confine itself to gables, crockets, steep roofs, and clustering columns. The Gothic of Nuremberg is not, nevertheless, uniform. One can study the progress from the round to the pointed arch ; from the tower to the spire ; from the frowning, heavy, castellated mass, to the light and sparkling spring of fountain or foliage. The history of Gothic art from the tenth to the sixteenth century is hewn and chiselled on these solid walls, gates, and doorways. It is singular that the chief exception to this remark should be in the principal public building, the Rathhaus,—the municipal hall. This long pile, with its three cupolas and its Tuscan façade, contrasted with the opposite church of St. Sebald, enables one to see the superiority of the Gothic style in giving the impression at once of height, lightness, and solemnity. The stone of the Council-House seems to have caught the darkness without the dignity of the neighboring church, and the statues, allegorical and historical, over the Doric portals suffer a sad eclipse. Alexander and Cæsar here have not the cheerfulness of the figures on the “Beautiful Fountain,” and it is difficult to detect in the gloom of such a shadow the proper lineaments of “Truth” and “Justice” in the figures which represent those qualities. The erection of this building, in its present style, is one of the few mistakes made by an architect of Nuremberg.

The mention of this Rathhaus leads us to notice the remains of barbarity and cruelty which are shown, along with the monuments of industry, as curiosities of the Burgher City. It is a singular fact, that the barbaric penalties of the Middle Age should be better illustrated to us in the dungeons of republics than in the castles of robber lords. The strong-holds along the Rhine and Danube show no engines of cruelty so dreadful as those which are seen in the *Leads* of Venice and the “Torture Chamber” of Nuremberg. Many instruments

of torture have been removed. Thumb-screws, pulleys, and movable accessories to torment, as far as possible, have been destroyed. The famous iron Virgin, whose embrace was so fatal, has been transported to Austria, where tyranny may yet find use for her false caresses. But the rack and the dungeons, the hooks in the wall, the place where the scribe sat who recorded the sufferer's confession, the whole disposition and method of the secret tribunal, the darkness, the terror, and the despair, still stay in these frightful vaults, even more than in the Schloss of Baden-baden, where they divide with the gaming-houses and the "drink-halls" the interest of that fashionable resort. Nuremberg, like Rome, has its catacombs; but these were not used to save the persecuted from their enemies and to protect Christian altars, but to secure the rulers against the people, and to favor the abuses of a civil inquisition. An oligarchy will always be more severe in its rule, and more apprehensive of danger, than a monarchy or a republic; and Nuremberg, though nominally a free city, was yet, for more than four centuries, one of the strictest oligarchies in Europe. The people were deceived by the show of privileges, and in seeming to exercise their rights as citizens really obeyed the will of a few leading families. The officials were tools of these dominant houses, and were held in check by a constant espionage. So long as Nuremberg continued to flourish, to monopolize the trade of Central Europe, and to maintain its social and industrial supremacy, the citizens were content with this counterfeit of democratic methods. But when the influence of the city declined, then the real spirit of democracy began to show itself, and the old aristocracy were compelled to give the reality instead of the semblance of popular rights. This, among many instances, confutes that pretentious fallacy, that material prosperity is necessary to sustain the free spirit of a people. Too much prosperity, on the contrary, is the bane of a republic, making wider distinctions of class, warranting arbitrary assumptions, and nourishing servility. Misfortune levels society, and reveals to men their rights.

But in addition to the monuments of its republican industry, and its aristocratic severity, Nuremberg has monuments

of genuine monarchy. Ever since its foundation, it has been a royal residence. One of the best-preserved castles in Germany crowns its highest hill, and Max Joseph, on occasion, may survey the valley of the Pegnitz from the same tower where Conrad, in the eleventh century, could defy the rebellious barons. The old linden of the castle-yard has shaded more crowned heads, passing in and out beneath its branches, than any tree in the world. Barbarossa girded himself there for the Holy Wars ; Sigismund set out thence on his journey to Constance, where he was to blush before Huss ; and Charles, lord of three kingdoms, rested there when he returned from destroying the liberties of the free cities of Flanders. Thirty Emperors successively dwelt in this castle, for a longer or shorter time. The remnants of the old pile—its towers, round, square, and five-angled, with their figures of idols, the double chapel, above and below, with the carvings in relief of Pharaoh, the Judgment, and the Saints, the terrace of the Freiung; the bastions added from the plans of Albert Dürer—are a not unpleasant interruption of the impression of traffic cleaving to the streets and warehouses which this pile overlooks. This imperial castle has escaped the fate of the other castle belonging to the Burgraves, which was at once demolished when it came by purchase into the hands of the citizens. Nuremberg has never witnessed with pleasure these royal residences, and has endured but impatiently the supervision of foreign powers ; and though the castle is fitted up for the chance visits of the court when it shall please them to come from Munich, most of the buildings within the enclosure are utilized to more satisfactory and characteristic ends. In one hall is a museum of curiosities, of old armor, trinkets, and carvings ; in another, are the annual exhibitions of the artists' school ; and the rooms near Nero's Tower are taken as storehouses for the public grain. That which was once the symbol of fear and oppression to the people, is now its symbol of security. When speculation or scarcity raises the price of bread above its proper level, the town granaries are opened, the market is supplied, and a reduction of price follows. The citizens now take tribute from the castle where they were once accustomed to pay tribute.

Nuremberg has its traditions of battle and military glory. Its industrious citizens, averse as they have always been to the waste and discomfort of war, have borne their full part in the fraternal strifes which have devastated the German land. From the workshops came forth, not only the weapons of war,—pikes, and guns, and cannon,—but men who knew how to use them. The sturdy mechanics were excellent stuff for an invincible soldiery, and no men-at-arms were more prized in the imperial bands. But they were not to be depended on as imperial troops; and in the religious contest of the seventeenth century they allowed their Lutheran faith to ally them to the Swedish king, and were found in arms against the general of the Kaiser. From the ramparts of the castle one may overlook the ground where for three months Wallenstein remained in his vast camp inactive, hoping to starve into surrender the city which he dared not storm. If the record of this siege has a less tragical ending than that of French and Flemish sieges, its consequences were not less disastrous, and were felt for many generations. Starvation had more than decimated the people; the richest families were ruined by their sacrifices, and the satisfaction of having defied successfully the greatest warrior of his age was more than balanced by the long legacy of debt which this heroic obstinacy left. One trial of this kind was enough, and the prudent memory of that dreadful siege has restrained the burghers from a too intimate acquaintance with subsequent military movements. Their single battle-field holds a sufficiency of this kind of glory. The camp of Wallenstein is now one of the chief pleasure resorts of the city; and on pleasant summer afternoons families go out together to the ruined “Alte Veste,” and, with the accompaniment of pipes, beer, and peaceful music, fathers point out to the children the spot where Gustavus made his fierce onslaught upon the Austrian intrenchments, and the stone on which the cruel Duke of Friedland was wont to dine.

Earlier martial exploits of the Nurembergers were sung by the “Meistersingers.” The mention of this class leads us to remark upon the literary and poetic treasures of which this city of craftsmen is so proud. The city library, in the old Dominican Convent, has gathered the manuscripts and books

of several monastic institutions, and numbers now more than fifty thousand volumes. Few collections of its size in the world are more valuable. There are treatises in nearly all the Oriental tongues, from Palestine to China ; a Hebrew Codex of the Old Testament, in seven folio volumes, nearly six centuries old ; the famous “*Machsor*” Manuscript of 1331, from which a damning history of the cruelties practised upon the Jews by the Christians might be written, and which the Jews have in vain sought to recover ; beautiful editions of Homer, Boccaccio, and the works of the German Reformers,—to one of whom, indeed, the collection owes its origin ; but more precious than all in the eyes of the burghers is a manuscript of Hans Sachs, the “cobbler bard.” Sachs is the companion of Dürer in the popular reverence. The respect for his name is hardly less than that which Englishmen have for the name of Shakespeare, or Scotchmen for that of Burns. His house and his tomb are marked as shrines ; and though his verses are far from devout, and his character was not in all respects saintly, he receives from his townsmen a more genuine worship than either St. Lawrence or St. Sebald. Only Lope de Vega has surpassed him in affluence of composition. When in his seventy-third year he set himself to number his various works, he found, in thirty-four volumes written with his own hand, six thousand one hundred and eighty-one separate pieces, short and long,—comedies and tragedies, songs of love and battle, of craft and fable,—even psalms not wanting in the collection. This amazing mass might seem to suffice for a single life ; but the nine subsequent years considerably increased it, and it is probable that this chief of the Meistersingers produced more songs than any man who ever lived. The proverbs and songs of King Solomon, that paragon of the Hebrew history, number less than the songs of this cobbler of the sixteenth century. The actual worth of Sachs’s verses is greatly disproportioned to their amount and bulk. Their humor is unquestionable, and their satire is keen. Yet the praise of Goethe cannot rescue them from the neglect in which such coarse and gross effusions deserve to remain. Sachs has been called the German Chaucer ; but that comparison fits far more justly to Walter von der Vogelweide, who three centuries earlier was wont to visit this

old town of Nuremberg, and to sing to the lords and ladies in its castle. Sachs is rather a German Rabelais, with less of wit and genius, but more music. Though Mr. Longfellow has told how this laureate of the gentle craft,

“Wisest of the twelve wise masters, in huge folios sang and laughed,”

he has not ventured, in his collection of German poetry, to translate any specimens from the laureate’s verse. Wackernagel, in his *Kirchenlied*, published as late as 1851, has included the psalms and spiritual songs of Hans Sachs; yet we doubt if those sacred verses will hold the place in Nuremberg homes and Nuremberg religious meetings which the verses of Dr. Watts hold in the churches and homes of New England.

Hans Sachs was only the most eminent of a numerous fraternity. His craft became a guild, was regulated by statute, its number of members limited, the number of stanzas in each poem fixed, and the lines cared for even to their length and the character of their words. The “*Tabulatur*” gives the rules and orders prescribed for this trade. The sign of the order was a silver chain with a badge representing King David and his harp, and from any calling one who could compose a suitable song might become a member. Hans Felz, the barber, was a companion to Hans Sachs, the cobbler, and, in the language of Mr. Whitling, “shaved and sung.” Wagenseil, in his *Commentatio de Civitate Noribergensi*, has given a pleasant account of these “Meistersingers”; but the most characteristic description of their craft is in the book of Puschmann, the cobbler of Goerlitz, who learned his art directly from the renowned master.

Nuremberg has no prose writer of equal reputation with Sachs, none whose name has more than a local and provincial fame. If Albert Dürer had not been so eminent as an artist, he would be better known as a writer. His work on “Human Proportions” has a high value. In no city of Germany is more attention paid to education, and nowhere are reading clubs more common. Nuremberg has no university, yet its system of schools is most thorough and admirable. From the elementary schools to the Gymnasium and the Polytechnic Institution, all the branches of a complete education are provided for.

This last institution, numbering in its four departments more than a thousand pupils, offers such instruction as is given in the highest professional and scientific schools of America, and at such rates as to bring the highest education within reach of all but the poorest classes. The classics and foreign languages, the principles of drawing, engineering, practical mechanics, practical agriculture, practical chemistry, even of trade and mercantile life, are made the themes of precept and drill, and the whole bearing of this higher teaching is utilitarian enough to satisfy the most matter-of-fact Englishman. The Germans are stigmatized as a race of theorists and dreamers, and even Mr. Whitling cannot conscientiously advise an English father to send his son to the land where there is so much fantastic speculation, and so much freethinking on sacred themes. Nuremberg, however, is practical enough to form an exception, and the influences of commerce there neutralize the influence of rationalism and mysticism. All classes can share these educational benefits. Roth's summary of forty years ago, which we presume is still a fair description of the schools of the town, speaks of *pay* schools and free schools; Catholic, foundling, and orphan schools; industrial schools for girls; model or normal schools, in which teachers are trained; and even Sunday schools, which we had supposed to be an English idea. Singing and dancing are taught in many of these schools as a part of the regular system. The supervision, too, is fully provided for. There are school committees, sub-committees, district agents, and over all a royal "Board of Education." All the details of education which here we have been elaborating so slowly are found in greater perfection in this decayed city, flourishing within the walls and among the relics of mediæval superstitions. It may be that Nuremberg does not realize all the results which might be expected from a plan so thorough, and we can hardly understand why, with such training, more scholars have not been sent out. But in Nuremberg, as in our American towns, the prevailing idea is that education is but a stepping-stone to wealth and a preparation for business. The burgher will collect a library as he is able, but does not care to have you mistake him for a scholar. There is in Nuremberg no proper literary aristocracy, as there is no aristocracy

of title or military honor. Ancestry, wealth, and talent are the grounds of social distinction.

This subordination of intellectual attainments to material gains is aided in Nuremberg by the extraordinary public prudence in regard to the means of health and security. Rigid statutes regulate all branches of trade which are likely, when neglected, to create a nuisance. Preventive municipal laws so order the traffic of the breweries, the wine-shops, and the places of public resort, that drunkenness in the city is hardly possible. The national beverage is enjoyed, but is not, as in Munich, abused. A single can of beer satisfies the burgher for his evening refreshment, and there are no such tales of miraculous powers of suction as make the staple of conversation in the capital of the kingdom. The people, as a whole, are temperate enough to satisfy all but the extreme demand of our American workers in the cause, and use the flow of their aqueducts more freely than any fermented product. The mass want nothing stronger than water; and no proverb is more popular among them than that which their city doubly illustrates: "Wasser ist's das stärkste Getränk, es treibt Mühlen." Mr. Whitling, indeed, favors us with a description of Nuremberg *punch*, and gives a minute receipt for the composition of this most delicious of mixtures; but he characterizes it as agreeable, mild, and perfectly innocent, and allows that no "headache is in the bottom of the bowl," or rather of the teapot,—for this is the shape of the Nuremberg punch-bowl. The punch is made of oranges, sugar, and old French wine, without lemons, rum, or brandy.

We have already mentioned the remarkable cleanliness of this old city. Even the open-air markets are scrupulously neat, and the "Trödel Markt," the Rag Fair, if less amusing than that of Glasgow, has less to offend the nostrils. The Town Council is very jealous of anything which endangers the physical welfare of the city, whether fire or water, dust or corruption. Aqueducts wash the streets, and machines are in readiness to send streams, in case of necessity, even to the highest gables. So early as the year 1544 there were printed regulations concerning the extinguishing of fires, and half a century ago the fire-insurance capital amounted to twenty

three and a half millions of florins, or nearly ten millions of American dollars. Associations for guarding against inundation have prevented at Nuremberg such loss as the French cities have met from this cause. In laws concerning deaths and burials, this city gave the example which the larger cities have slowly and recently adopted. When the crypts of churches were sepulchres all over Europe, Nuremberg had its extra-mural enclosures. The Churchyard of St. John, half a mile beyond the walls, bears the date of 1457; the Churchyard of St. Roch, that of 1518. Nobody is allowed to be buried within the walls, whether of rich or poor;—of prince or beggar, we might say, were it not that both these classes are unknown in Nuremberg. Precautions, too, are taken to prevent premature burial; and the custom of watching a corpse for two or three days is not a superstition, but a wise sanitary regulation. Eight women have this task assigned them, and it is their duty to see that the body shall neither be buried too soon nor too late, to look closely for signs of life and for signs of decomposition. Since 1778 there has been in the city a house of resuscitation for those who are taken up for dead. If Nuremberg is less remarkable than some other cities for its almshouses and its hospitals, it is because there are so few to use such institutions. The perils of childbirth for the poor are provided for in special establishments, and the profession of midwifery is guarded most carefully, and filled only by respectable and trustworthy women.

But more than anything else do the ample means of reasonable recreation secure health and good digestion to the citizens of Nuremberg. The universal dinner-compliment — “Ich wünsche Ihnen wohl zu speisen” — finds an answer not only in the quantity and quality of the food, but in the variety of sober amusements. Steady workers and hard workers as the Nuremberg artisans are, none know better how to take their ease, and to profit by their play. Sunday brings to them, as to their Catholic neighbors, a season of enjoyment as well as of worship. If the music at the places of resort is not of the best quality, and has less of elaborate science than the performances of Berlin or Dresden, it is, at any rate, better than the popular music of England and America, and is abundant

and cheap. For a few kreutzers, one may hear from an orchestra of forty instruments passages from all the best operas, and from time to time original compositions of native artists, with a treat of "Lebkuchen," or sweet-cakes, added as a gratuity. There is open-air music on the bastions in summer, and in the winter the halls of the several musical unions are almost nightly filled. Tea-parties are very common, although the decoction which gives them their name does not suit Mr. Whitling's English ideas of that article. So long as snow remains upon the ground, sleighing-parties are perpetual, and the excursions frequently reach to the Franconian mountains. The theatre, sustained by domestic talent, satisfies even the fastidious tastes of one accustomed to the play-houses of London and Paris, and has this great advantage, that its performances are finished at an early hour, rarely lasting much beyond nine o'clock, and also that ladies can safely attend without an escort of the other sex. In seeing the moving lanterns, which are as sure a protection to the weaker sex as the arm of a husband or a brother, one is reminded, in the streets of Nuremberg at evening, of Cairo and Damascus. The people are too economical in their tastes to waste money upon equipages, and almost all, high and low, go on foot to the places of amusement. The stuff of the holiday-clothing is not, to be sure, very costly; but the colors are bright enough to supply the lack of cost. Nowhere do the maidens affect more show of ribands, and more brilliancy of bonnets and artificial flowers. Mr. Whitling ungallantly hints that the bonnets are more comely than the faces which they adorn.

Into the celebration of Christmas and New-Year's holidays the citizens of Nuremberg enter with an amazing enthusiasm. Every family has its Christmas-tree, the boughs of which are loaded with fruit as substantial in value as it is showy in color. In this indulgence, economy ceases to be a virtue, and the burgher, careful of his kreutzers on other days, on this is lavish of his florins. The tree which many select for this service is the horse-chestnut, branches of which, carefully nourished with sun and water in a warm room for a few weeks previous, are made to wear a precocious foliage. New-Year's eve is a time of joyful watching, enlivened, not by

prayers and psalms as in Methodist meetings, but by jokes and gingerbread. The morning is ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the salutation of "Prosst Neue Jahr!" is shouted all along the streets, and in the houses from attic to basement. On New-Year's day every one goes to church, and it is universally observed as a religious holiday. Easter day, also, is appropriately kept, and the native wit is abundantly exercised in finding devices for the "Easter eggs." On the 11th of November, St. Martin's day, that venerable man himself, clad in a robe of fur better than the traditional skin and sackcloth which girded his anchorite limbs, comes to prepare the way for the *Christ-child*, and to dispose the hearts of the young to receive the *Christ-child's* visit. He brings sugar-plums for good children, and a rod for bad children. The "Pelzmärtel" is the Santa Claus of Nuremberg.

The moral standard of trading and manufacturing towns on the continent of Europe is not, in general, very high; but Nuremberg has a reputation for good morals quite other than that of towns of its class. In spite of the hindrances in the way of marriage by the civil regulations, illicit connections are comparatively infrequent, and the proportion of unlawful births is small. The characteristic vices of Venice and Vienna are here almost unknown, unless we except the custom of asking foreigners a double price for every article which they wish to buy. The tricks of trade flourish as well under Gothic gables as under Italian arcades, and a testy Englishman, beguiled into the purchase, at an exorbitant rate, of pasteboard and tinsel gimeracks, will probably go away cursing these shopkeepers as a tribe of sharpers. But residence among them will mitigate this judgment, and show that the people are to the full as honest as the tradesmen of London. Manners are less polished than in the best society of Munich; but one does not see in Nuremberg, what may be seen in some other cities, a cigar in the mouth of a woman. An ingrained decency keeps the moral tone of the Burgher City up to a respectable level; and if the habits of the small tradesmen are, in some respects, those of the Connecticut pedler, a sense of propriety hinders the use of the Frankfort proverb,—"Ein Krämer, der nicht Mausdreck für Pfeffer aufschwatzten kannhat sein Handwerk nicht gelemt."

We have already mentioned, that the religious feeling of Nuremberg is intensely Protestant. Scarcely any of the descendants of the ancient burgher families are found within the Catholic communion ; and although, at the last census, the adherents of the Roman Church numbered more than five thousand,—a full tenth of the population,—this Church is wholly without civil or social influence. It is barely tolerated for those who are new-comers within the gates, and who serve as the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Most reluctantly, too, have the burghers yielded to the spirit of concession in admitting Jews within the walls. Nothing but the rivalry of the neighboring city of Fürth, which Israelite industry has built, could bring them to this tardy justice. Like the Scotch, with all their love of thrift and their mercantile shrewdness, the people of Nuremberg are passionate in their religious antipathies, and stubbornly constant in their religious prejudices. Unlike the Scotch, however, they are not given to theological discussions, and do not bring questions of dogma or church government into their recreations. Their fanaticism, though rooted, is not easily aroused, nor are they given to much disputing. Their speculation on religious topics is superficial rather than acute. Heine, in one of his “*Reisebilder*,” curiously fancies the fat citizen of Nuremberg, his white cap on his head, and his white clay pipe in his mouth, seated before his door on a warm summer evening, and thinking at his ease what a nice thing such an eternity as this would be, *inventing* an immortality and a heaven of this calm, vegetative sort. This quiet religious musing suits the convenience of the good burgher better than any wrangling. He holds to his notion, but does not care to defend it by argument, or to bring it into controversy. “Two hard stones never grind well,” is his professional motto,—“*Zwei harte Steine mahlen nicht reine.*”

The registers of Nuremberg show some strange passages of popular fanaticism ; and the records of some quite recent trials will fairly match, for blind injustice and bigotry, the witchcraft causes of the seventeenth century in Old and New England. Whether the people are captivated by the seductive eloquence of the most recent form of pseudo-spirit intercourse, we have not heard ; but we should presume that the

rappers would find ready welcome in a city so fond of gossip about mysteries. The latest hero of the city of Albert Dürer and Hans Sachs is a being whose mystery remains still, as it will probably forever remain, unsolved. Such a story as that of Caspar Hauser is a treasure in a dull manufacturing town ; it gives the people something to fall back upon. This poor victim of unnatural confinement, in the curious physiological and psychological study which his case has offered to the learned of Europe, has glorified the city where for some years his name and history were the daily theme of conversation, and the children stopped to look as he passed in the streets. It was a severe blow to Nuremberg that the poor boy should be murdered in such a barbarous way, and in such an inferior town as Anspach, and murdered just at the time when the wise men of the city were hopeful of restoring him to full intellectual strength, and of penetrating the secret of his birth. No mystery of this century has excited more and more various interest than this of the dumb foundling of Nuremberg, the successor to the Man in the Iron Mask. Stout octavos by the dozen, and dissertations by the hundred, were issued in various tongues, to show who he was and who he was not, and nicely-elaborated theories were built on his incoherent expressions. Counsellor Merker undertook to show that he was probably an impostor,— perhaps the most difficult hypothesis in such a case ; Feuerbach, Daumer, Schmidt, and Frey wrote at length in defence of his genuineness ; Fuhrmann exposed the intrigues of his ghostly watchers and priestly confessors ; Seiler undertook to prove that he was the rightful heir to the throne of Baden ; Singer wrote a minute history of all his doings from his “beginning” to his grave ; and Lord Stanhope, whose interest in the case had made him Caspar’s patron, published, after the murder, his own impressions and notes of interviews. It is strange that any denial should have arisen concerning a case so well attested ; yet, as the argument went, many even of the Nurembergers who had seen and known and talked with Caspar were cajoled into doubting their memories and the evidence of their senses. But it was a cause of sincere regret to all that the St. John’s Churchyard at Anspach should contain that epitaph which ought to belong to

the St. John's Churchyard in Nuremberg,—“Ænigma sui temporis, ignota nativitas, occulta mors.”

But these rambling and fragmentary sketches have been already extended, we fear, beyond the patience of our readers. We have refrained from speculation concerning the name and origin of the city, and its relation to the rival sovereignties of Austria and Prussia, and have aimed only to bring out some of the more characteristic features of past and present life in the place whose manners are to-day more primitive than those of any other German city, and whose history is more peculiar and honorable. Æneas Sylvius could write, more than four centuries ago, that the citizens of Nuremberg were better lodged than kings;—“Quot ibi civium ædes invenias regibus dignas! Cuperent tam egregie Scotorum reges, quam mediocres Norimbergæ cives habitare.” And certainly the heir to the ancient throne of the Stuarts, if in his journeyings he should chance to claim the hospitality of the old Norican town, would find there to-day more comfortable lodging than in the palaces of his ancestors at Edinburgh or Secone. If there be any city in Europe which can justly claim honor from one of Saxon lineage,—one who rejoices in

“The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil,”—

it is this. Longer than any other it has maintained its freedom. More steadily than any other it has preserved its public customs, value, and virtue, and has retained that which was good of its former life. And its memorials of the past bear prophecies of the future; they symbolize that union of utility with beauty, of labor with freedom, which the civilization of this nineteenth century seeks and longs to reproduce. In the City Library, among other curiosities, is the globe constructed by John Schoner, in the year when Luther burned the Pope's bull at Wittenberg, and Magellan found a way through the southern strait to the islands of the Pacific Sea. On that globe the Isthmus of Panama appears divided, with a passage carefully marked from ocean to ocean, predicting thus the enterprise which modern science is now bending all its energies to fulfil, in the interest of profitable commerce and of Christian civilization. Such a relic as this seems to show the

old town going before, as well as preparing the way for, our age of conquest in the forces of nature, and to warrant the adoption for his native city of the word on the great artist's tombstone,—“Emigravit;” and, with wider appreciation of the charm and glory of this shrine of mediæval art, may an American use the fragment of a song which Mr. Whitling prefixes to his volume:—

“ Wenn einer Deutschland kennen  
    Und Deutschland lieben soll,  
Wird man ihm Nürnberg nennen  
    Der edlen Künste voll;

Dich nimmermehr veraltet  
    Du treue, fleiss'ge Stadt!  
Wo Dürers Kraft gewaltet  
    Und Sachs gesungen hat.”

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ART. VIII.—*Message of the President of the United States communicating, in compliance with a Resolution of the Senate, the Correspondence of Messrs. McLane and Parker, late Commissioners to China.* 35th Congress, 2d Session. Ex. Doc. No. 22. pp. 1424.

HERE is a volume of fourteen hundred closely-printed pages, being the enormous record of the doings of two of our diplomatic agents in the East, and extending over the space of but three years. Looking through it, one need not wonder that archives of this sort are beyond the reach of ordinary readers, or that diplomatic communications are not always read, even by the Secretary to whom they are addressed. Yet there are in this huge volume many matters of interest, illustrative of our diplomatic relations with China, which we shall endeavor to evolve, and which, precisely and intelligibly stated, cannot fail to attract attention. It completes the documentary history of our Oriental diplomacy down to Mr. Reed's special mission in 1857; and it is to what occurred before that gentleman's arrival in China that we desire to direct our readers. Nothing has since been given to the public, either in this country or in Great Britain, except Mr. Secretary Cass's instructions, with the letter to Lord Napier, and the correspondence of Lord Elgin and Yeh anterior to the attack on Canton. The new treaties have not been officially promulgated. We men-